

MY SAINT.

She does not smile from canvas rare, Transfigured by some master old, Nor held in niche, or alcove staid, Revealed in stone or precious gold.

HELEN CHASE.

INVESTMENT.

"Elsie!" Walter Hartman's tone of sorrowful amazement made his young wife spring hastily to her feet.

"Oh, Walter!" she said, "Aunt Julia and a fresh burst of sobs interrupted her.

Walter's face cleared. It was not sorrow of her own, then, that overwhelmed this pretty, blue-eyed darling he had married six months before.

"Well, Elsie," he said, taking her in his arms and caressing her, "what about Aunt Julia? Do not sob so, dear; you will make yourself ill."

"The fire!" said Elsie, keeping her sobs somewhat under control. "You know I was very much worried when I heard of it, for I could not tell by the papers whether Aunt Julia's house was in the burnt district or not."

For the great Chicago fire was not a week old, and the whole country watched for news.

"Well, dear," said Walter, kindly.

"It is as bad as it can be, Walter. Aunt Julia writes to me that her house was totally destroyed, her very clothing burned up, and her insurance papers not entirely made out. She is absolutely without anything in the world except the clothes she had on.

Actually fed by charity. Oh, Walter!"

Here the sobs came again thick and fast, and Walter could offer no comfort but such as was conveyed by silent caresses. After a time these were so far effective that Elsie could speak more calmly.

"Now, little one," Walter said, "tell me why this troubles you so sorely? Do you love your aunt so very dearly?"

"She had been everything a mother could be to me since my parents died, Walter. But while I was with her we were very poor. Out of her own scanty means she clothed and educated me until I took the situation of nursery governess to your aunt's children, and married you. But just before we were married, an old friend of Aunt Julia's died in Chicago, and left her ten thousand dollars. When she went to claim her legacy, she saw the house she purchased, and liked it so much she bought it, her legacy covering the expense of house, lot and furniture, while her own little income would support her. But, unfortunately, she was persuaded to draw out her tiny fortune and invest it in two lots adjoining her house. Now everything is swept away."

"She took care of you when you were a child?"

"For seventeen years, Walter, denying herself to feed and clothe me."

Walter did not speak again for many minutes, holding Elsie close in his arms. At last he said, very gravely:

"If I were a rich man, Elsie, I would not stop to think in a case like this, but say at once 'Bring your aunt here.' But you know, little wife, my salary, though sufficient for all our wants, with a margin for pleasure and saving a nest-egg, is not yet large. If I invite your aunt here, the difference of expense must fall most heavily upon you, because I cannot give you many pleasures you enjoy if I have one more to support. Concerts and jewelry, little gifts and pleasures, will be beyond our means then. But if you will be happier knowing your aunt has a home, I will go myself to Chicago and bring her here."

"Oh, Walter, how kind, how generous you are! I will never be able to thank you."

"Then I am to go. All right. I will get a leave of absence tomorrow. In the meantime I will telegraph your aunt to meet me at the depot, if she has sent any address."

"The address is the lawyers' who arranged her legacy for her, and who did not live in the burnt district, Morse & Hunter."

A few days later, as fast as steam would carry Walter to Chicago and back, Elsie was waiting to welcome the travelers. A telegram had informed her that Walter had found Julia waiting at the depot and by what train to expect him home. The only spare room in the pretty little house at Harlem, where Walter had brought his bride, was in dainty order. Jennie, the servant, was cooking the choicest supper Elsie could devise, and the little wife herself, neatly dressed, was running to the door every minute watching for the carriage.

It came at last, and Walter handed out a lady. Poor Elsie felt fairly sick, as the guest tottered, rather than walked, into the room. She was white as ashes, her hair, Elsie remembered black as a coal not one year before, streaked with gray illness. When the water-proof cloak fell from her shoulders, her shabby dress was most unlike Aunt Julia's habitual neatness. But, the first shock of surprise over, Elsie had no words too loving to welcome

her aunt, while soft, tender kisses fell fast upon the pale face.

"She is very tired, Elsie," Walter whispered, seeing how vainly the white lips tried to frame words. "Get her to rest, dear, as soon as you can."

So Elsie, tearfully loving, made her aunt lie upon the lounge, and brought her the most tempting of tea trays, stopping the broken words of thanks by kisses and caresses. Walter, too, by a hundred delicate attentions and few spoken words made the guest feel that she was most cordially and gladly welcome.

In her own room Aunt Julia told Elsie something of the horrors that had aged her more in one fortnight than in any previous two years of her life. She had slept upon the ground in a drechening rain for two nights, then in a tent with no change of clothing, and the memory of the fire terrors to haunt her. She had begged the paper and stamp to write to Elsie. Then she told of Walter's tender care for her in the long journey, when she, racked by pain, often could not speak for hours, how like a son he had cared for her comfort. It was a sad story, and Elsie's tears fell fast.

"But now," she said, "you are at home. I have put underclothes and loose wrappers in here, Auntie, until we can have some dresses fitted. Let me undress you now."

Gently and tenderly the shabby clothes were removed, the weary feet bathed, the gray streaked hair smoothed, and snowy linen put on for the night. Then, utterly tired, Aunt Julia sank in the bed, whispering:

"Think, Elsie, I have not been in a bed for twelve nights!"

But alas, she was not soon to leave it. The haven of rest once gained, Aunt Julia lay for many long weeks dangerously ill with rheumatic fever brought on by exposure, while the tortured brain, in wild delirium, raved of scenes that chilled Elsie with horror.

All through these weary weeks Elsie was nurse, while Walter supplied every delicacy that could be found to tempt the invalid, patiently endured the discomforts of a house haunted by sickness, and proved himself, Jennie declared, "the nearest to an angel of any man ever she saw."

Winter was nearly over before Aunt Julia was able to leave her bed, crippled for life. The rheumatism had so twisted the joints of her hands, legs and feet, that they were useless and most of the time intensely painful. She fretted over the prospect of being a burden upon Walter and Elsie, with all the despair of a proud woman who had always maintained her own independence, and tearfully begged to be sent to some charitable asylum, where she would be only a public expense. Elsie told Walter of this wish, and he went to Aunt Julia's room.

Taking the crippled, helpless hands in his own, holding them very tenderly, he said:

"Aunt Julia, Elsie has told me how hard these little hands worked for her for seventeen long years. I love Elsie so dearly that to grieve her is my greatest sorrow. Do you think I could bear to see her pained if her second mother was sick and alone, nursed by hired hands while we are able and willing to give her love and care? Do not speak again of leaving us. I have not seen Elsie's face so sad as it is tonight since you came to us."

"But, Walter, I may live for years."

"I sincerely hope you will."

"And I can never have any use of my hands and feet more than I have now. I can scarcely feed myself or hobble across the room."

The more reason you should have loving care. Why," and Walter laughed while his honest brown eyes proved his sincerity, "do you think all the love here is Elsie's. I want my share too, Auntie, for I love you as I do my life. I ask you to stay because I want you here. I have not heard Elsie sigh over long, long days since you came."

It took many more loving arguments but at last Aunt Julia yielded. It was but truth that Walter spoke when he said she had won his love as well as Elsie's. She was very patient under excruciating suffering, and very grateful for all the loving care lavished upon her. When the pain subsided and she could talk, she was charming company, well read and full of pleasant memories and bright observations.

While she felt herself a burden, Walter and Elsie regarded her as a blessing. Walter no longer worried at leaving Elsie alone all day, while he was at his business, and Elsie never tired of Aunt Julia, whose experience proved very valuable to the little housekeeper.

But month after month there was a scarcely perceptible failing of strength in the sorely tired body, long past youthful vigor. The rheumatic fever had left heart trouble, and distressing spells of suffocation and palpitation often threatened the invalid's life. Always patient, she yet often prayed for death to end her suffering, while Elsie prayed only that the dear life might be spared.

She had been Walter Hartman's guest for two years, when her weakness increased to an alarming extent, rapidly and certainly, till she could not leave her bed. It was while she was herself conscious that the end of her suffering was approaching that she received a letter from her lawyer in Chicago informing her that she had received an offer of twenty thousand dollars for the lots of land she owned in that city.

She had looked upon her own beggary as so absolutely certain that at first she could scarcely credit the news; but Walter, in whose hands she placed the business, soon proved the offer no dream by accepting the terms and informing Aunt Julia the money lay in the bank in her name.

"Now, you can ride in your carriage when you are well," Elsie said, smiling but tearful. "I am so glad, Auntie, you will have something now for your old age."

"But no old age, Elsie," was the glad reply. "I am glad, too, darling, very glad, but not for that."

By her own request a lawyer came and wrote her will, and then Aunt

Julia, as if the cares of life were ended for her, sank rapidly, growing every day weaker and more dependent upon Elsie's loving, never-failing care.

It was in early spring, when, one evening, as Walter came in, Jennie met him, her honest face all disfigured by crying.

"Sure, sir, it's asking for you, Miss Julia is."

"Is she worse?"

"Ah, sir, she's going fast. The doctor says she'll not last the night."

Going fast. Walter could see the girl's words were true when he softly entered the room where Aunt Julia rested, her head upon Elsie's shoulder, her hands clasped fast in Elsie's.

"I am glad you came," she whispered. "I think I could not go without thanking you once more and saying farewell."

"What I have done," Walter said, his heart swelling with emotion, "was gladly, lovingly done. I do not need thanks, Aunt Julia."

"I believe that, but I am not less grateful, because you gave from a full heart. May God bless you and yours. May what you have done for a 'poor penniless woman come back to you in your old age laden with her blessing. Kiss me farewell, Walter."

Reverently he bent over her, pressing a loving kiss upon the withered lips, while tears that were no shame to his manhood stood in his eyes. A few broken words to Elsie, a murmured prayer, and the gentle spirit was released from the weary, pain-racked frame. Tears of true love fell upon the wasted face, placid in death's sleep. Every kind word was cherished when the lips that had spoken it were mute, and Aunt Julia had two true mourners at her funeral, while many of the friends of years gone by came to pay the last tribute of respect to her memory.

It did not surprise Elsie when she learned that her Aunt Julia had left her the fortune that had come too late to gladden her own life. But she told Walter, when the will was read to her.

"I am glad we never thought of the land, Walter, in the years that Aunt Julia was with us. It would have made me hesitate often to show her all the love in my heart, if I had ever thought she would have money to leave me."

"She knew, darling, it was all love, yet I am glad my Elsie has some reward for the patient, tender care that alleviated the suffering of the poor invalid who rests at last."

And Elsie, nestling close in Walter's arms, said softly:

"If I could love you more, Walter, than I did when I married you, I should do so when I think of your kindness and generosity to Aunt Julia."

"It was odd," Walter said, "that the money that Aunt Julia invested in Chicago should be actually doubled, for I have seen her weep often when she spoke of her 'unfortunate investment' of her friend's legacy."

Facts About Oysters.

"Oysters; these things must have been made in heaven," fervently declared the great Richard Bentley, who, history says, could never pass an oyster-shop without going in and ordering a "mess."

Old Dr. Bertram, an equally appreciative gourmand, maintains that "the oyster can be cooked in many ways, but the pure animal is best of all, and gulping him up in his own juice is the best way to eat him." The same discriminating authority holds it true that "the man who ends the day with an oyster in his mouth rises with a clean tongue in the morning and a clear head as well."

But history is burdened with praises of the oyster.

It is recorded that Thomson, the poet, died from a surfeit of oysters. Peter the Great always had oysters for dinner and called oystermen his "life-preservers." Pope, before accepting Lord Bolingbroke's invitation to dinner, exacted the promise from his host that he would be served with an oyster stew.

Cicero nourished his eloquence with the dainty, and Caligula, the Roman tyrant, was at the will of all designing courtiers who knew of his weakness for oysters. It is said that Cervantes used to eat five hundred oysters every day, and the wonderful originality and piquant style of his narrative he attributed to the mental exhilaration gained by eating oysters.

It was Alexander Hamilton's practice, before applying himself to complicated problems of government, to first sharpen his wits by reading Euclid; but the great Napoleon gained all the mental clearness he required by dining on oysters. The "little corporal," on the eve of his battles, used always to partake of oysters. The Scottish philosophers of the last century—Hume, Dugald Stewart, and the others were passionately fond of oysters, and Louis IX., to check the decline of scholarship in France, sought to create interest in letters by feasting the learned doctors of the Sorbonne once a year on oysters.

"They produce a peculiar charm," declared an old Latin writer, "an inexpressible pleasure. After eating oysters we feel joyous, light, and agreeable—yes, one might say fabulously well."

Dr. John B. Bond of Little Rock, says: Morphine sulphate is used to an alarming extent throughout the Mississippi valley. None but the druggists have any proper conception of the extent of its use. In fact, some druggists are not fully informed on the subject, for the morphine eater will often make the rounds of the available drug stores in order to conceal as far as practicable the quantity used. Few persons, other than the wide-awake and experienced druggist, will be able to value at their real worth the excuses, the shams, and romances of the morphine eater.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DOLLAR.

How "Our Mary" Rakes It In With an English Company, Much to the Disgust of Numerous Shining Lights of the "Rialto."

Dollars by the Hundred Thousand Lavishly Spent on the Stage this Season.

While Patti and Her Dear Nicolini It Said Get Left in Paris, and Are Anxious to Bask in the Sunshine of the Dollar of Our Dads Again.

Freddy Gebhard Represents a New Departure, and Geo. Francis Train Thinks the World Too Wicked To Talk To.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 21, 1885.

"Freddy, what are the boys on the Rialto for the past ten days or so? Seems to me they're unusually down in the mouth."

"Well, they're becoming mad, and very savage because Mary Anderson took the liberty of bringing an English company over to America this season to support her. You see the boys as a class have much use for foreign companies anyway, even when they come over to support foreigners, but when it comes to importing them to support American actresses, then indeed they get fierce, and even the coal-end men of the third estate become tragic and blood-thirsty."

"What are they going to do about it?"

"Well, they will hurl sarcasm and invective into the bottom of many an empty beer glass, and will cut Mary dead by not asking for the privilege of passing at the box office. This is about all they can do. You see it's been an awfully poor time for them during the two last seasons, and now when money is being spent so lavishly by the managers and the people it does seem a little hard that they should have to give way to a set of not very good foreign people in support of one who should be truly American enough to stand by her own countrymen. Mary has made a mistake in this matter, with the profession, and has made a great mistake with the people by charging them \$2.50 for seats that she was very glad to see filled at a dollar apiece before she went to England. She isn't strong enough to stand this sort of thing, and the idea of coming back and charging her own countrymen more than she ever did before, and more than she charged the London playgoers, looks very much like she was becoming incited with the spirit of Patti. Her's one of the boys. Hello, Burt, we've discussed that story of yours. What's your opinion about it?"

"It's an outrage,"

"Mary Anderson!"

"Mary Anderson! It's the greatest outrage on the boys that ever was perpetrated. I heard that her manager wanted to let her take in a hundred thousand dollars during her six weeks engagement at the Star Theater here, but I'll bet a dollar to a Jew-sharp she don't take in half of that. I've kept several friends from going, and will keep others. Mary has got so foreign that not a thing short of a foreign company and a fearfully foreign price for seats pleases her, but she'll have to either come down to American prices, or else she'll have to migrate to London and stay there. Minnie Palmer showed more sense when she returned, although she made fifty thousand dollars and over on her English trip. Even Edwin Booth never expects to make so much out of the American public, and Mary's greed is already acting against her, for the houses are falling off from the first night. People won't pay such prices to see Mary Anderson, even if she has got an English company. It's an outrage on American playgoers to ask such prices."

And Burt skipped into a saloon near by to quench the volcano of wrath that swelled in his theatrical bosom. And the Rialto, which is that part of 14th Street extending from Broadway to 4th Avenue, is filled with anguish on account of Miss Anderson's action.

"Speaking of charging high prices for admission, do you know what an immense amount of money has been spent and is being spent this season on stage properties, dresses, etc., etc., in this city. It is enough to astonish the oldest inhabitant, and distances any thing that was ever done in any other country. It is stated that six companies now running in this city, Nansen, Evangeline, Judie, Mary Anderson and the two Mikado companies represent an expenditure of over three quarters of a million dollars in costumes and properties, to say nothing of the numerous other attractions before the public. Add to this the immense salary roll, and you can readily see that high prices must be asked if money is to be made. It is that Judie alone has been guaranteed \$130,000 as her profit for her American tour. You see foreigners all expect the highest prices when they come to America, as they think this the one country where money can be gathered for by asking. I shouldn't be surprised if Patti came over again this season, as it is reported that she will not sing in Paris, and is more in

down a chair in a 4th Avenue saloon. I have often seen him, and he is something of a musician himself, only he won't work as naturally addicted to taking life easy rather than bother himself much about earthly affairs. Like Micawber, he's waiting for something to turn up, even if it's only fifteen cents for a drink. He looks like a musician, and a cranky one, but wouldn't remind you much of the Divine Patti, as he hasn't any ambition to speak of, and probably never will have. He looks upon life as a lottery where his sister drew a prize and himself a blank. None of the men in that family, that is the brothers, amounted to much, and Patti seems to have the faculty of drawing around her men who are a drain upon her resources and are altogether a drawback to her. She's arranging to write a series of articles upon her life and receptions at different courts, and after considerable bidding upon them, it has finally been awarded to an American publishing house to bring them before the public. The idea of writing herself up was suggested to her by a western publisher, the editor of the Omaha Bee, Mr. Rosewater, and Patti jumped at the suggestion, and immediately wanted to learn that Nicolini wanted to come back to America this season. Nicolini is one of the drawbacks to Patti, as his voice is no longer an attraction, and his temper is simply idiotic, so far as her conduct is concerned. Nicolini is as much in love with the American dollar as Patti ever was, and probably needs it more, since he has failed to be any attraction, and consequently does not command the salar-

ies that he formerly did. Nobody is quicker to gauge the public pulse than the manager of an opera, and Mapleson and Abbey know better than to count upon Nicolini as any particular attraction in opera companies of the present and future. Consequently Patti's work must answer for both Nicolini and her-elf, and also the French Baron she married so long ago, and the wife and little ones of Nicolini. Nicolini used to be a great "mascher" when his voice was in full trim, as nothing seems to win the feminine heart as much as music. It appears to penetrate the heaviest silk bosom and the closest woven corset, and Nicolini's conquests would go far to prove that music hath charms to soothe the breasts of other than the savage. However that may be, Patti still clings to him, and he like the sensitive musician that he is, keeps up the cling on his side, and thus keeps the divine prima donna from looking askance at any other gentleman, even if he had the inclination to flirt a little. The funny part of it is that Nicolini doesn't seem to realize that his attractions are gone, so far as the public are concerned, and still thinks that his voice of the past is a voice for the present, and that he can charm the ear of an audience with as little effort as he once did, that all he has to do is to sing before an American audience, and the dollars will roll in as of yore."

"So you think that Patti may come over yet this season?"

"Well, it wouldn't surprise anyone if she did."

"What do you think about Langtry, the lovely Lily of the Jerseys?"

"Oh, Langtry will get back pretty soon. She was somewhat miffed with the treatment she received here socially, but she couldn't expect anything else after the Fred. Gebhard affair. Next time she will have more discretion, and will probably get more invitations from the select circles than she did before. Besides, by the way, isn't she much of a dude as he was before he went to England. He only returned a short time since, you know, and the boys say he is considerably changed. He had trouble enough in America as the special champion of the Lily, and I shouldn't be surprised if he got somewhat snubbed by the Lily over in her own country. Just let the girls get the boys away from home two or three thousand miles, and there is sure to be more or less snubbing. That's a noted fact, and Gebhard wasn't any exception to this rule. At any rate it was no noted fact that he didn't have much to say about the Lily's relations with England, and kept the floor from the fray about her between Lord Londale and Sir Charles Chetwynd in the Park at London. It looks very much as if the Lily had given him the cold shoulder when she got him over in her own country, and he chosen a champion from among the many English "Sirs," "Lords," and "Earls" who

are popularly supposed to be in love with her on the other side of the water. Nobody ever heard of Gebhard over there as her champion, anyhow, and whether he or she got tired of it, nobody knows, but evidently there is an end to the Langtry-Gebhard flirtation, and Freddie has settled down to life in a much quieter way than before he went over the briny deep. He doesn't attend the theatres as much as of yore, and seems to dress in quiet colors and be the leader in the new order of male attractions known as the "Mowers," which it is claimed will choke off the dudes of the past few years. According to all accounts the "mower" is a more athletic and better formed representative human than the dude, and boasts of breadth of shoulder and strength of calf, features that the dude never could muster up. Gebhard has a fine stable, and it is said will devote more time to training blooded stock than in nurturing lilies in the pot. "Will the Lily draw good houses here when she comes over do you think?"

"Draw? Yes, like a porous plaster. Any thing English that you can bring to New York will draw a good house, and you'll believe it English, and forthwith becomes fashionable in Gotham. Nobody knows this better than theatrical managers. This is why Lester Wallack always gives English actors and actresses the leading parts in his non-



THE LILY WILL DRAW.

companies, and why his two theatres, the Star and Wallack's, are considered the natural home of all English companies. Wallack is shrewd, and ready at all times to meet the caprice of the public. If the public craze took an ovate match if my friend can be believed, for a Hottentot fever then Wallack would have lotted-not, and with just as much regularity as he now has English actors."

"I see Emma Nevada has returned ed."

"Yes, Emma arrived last Sunday, with her brand new husband, and seems to be very happy and chirpy over it. Emma didn't have any Empress to arrange her marriage for her, as was the case with poor Patti and the Baron, and so will probably be much happier than Patti was in her combal relations. I had a friend who crossed the ocean with them in the steamer Ems last year just after the Doctor had met the prima donna, and it evidently was a ovate match if my friend can be believed, for she says that the big Doctor Palmer and the little Emma Nevada were the cynosure of all eyes on the steamer at that time, and the way they used to lovingly tie the strings of her hair before they went on deck, and the manner in which she looked into his eyes during the performance, and the great difficulty he had in getting the knots so that they would stick at all, after numerous efforts, convinced every one then that there was a matrimonial scene in store for both not advertised at that early date. It appeared that Dr. Palmer was a relative of her manager, and the manager being unable to come over with her at the last moment, had induced his relative to come in the favor of escorting her across the sea, with the understanding that he would join them here in a few days, and relieve the Doctor of his charge. By the time they had reached America, however, the Doctor wasn't anxious to be relieved, and it is said cabled over to the manager words to the effect that there was no particular reason why he should hurry across the wide waters, that it was a dreadful season for sea sickness, and that he would not be able to get thoroughly ready. He didn't, and the next time Nevada crossed the ocean for America, was last week, and as the wife of the successful Doc or Palmer."

"Harry, you know everybody, now what's become of Victoria Woodville, your old friend of Wall street and woman's right fame?"

"Victoria Wo dhuil—my friend—say, now don't—don't for Heaven's sake say anything about her as coming from me. I believe she's in London, but don't know anything about it. Go and see George Francis Train. He'll tell you all about her."

"But George Francis won't talk to anybody now-a-days."

"I'll talk to you if you say Victoria Woodville to him."

"Well, man's obliged; good day. Shall I tell the folks that you're the manager of Un-SS—com?"

"If you do I'll never give you another pointer and you'll regret it. Mark that. Good day."

George Francis sat in his accustomed seat in Madison Square. He always occupies the same seat, and is the most cheerful man in New York—so cheerful in fact that to hold a conversation with him can only be equalled by a confidential chat with the obelisk in Central Park. But, as he is a hoary headed relic of a different time, and both could tell of many nights of other days if they would, yet the strange hieroglyphics of the obelisk and the curious nature of George Francis refuse to come into confidence of the impudent and inquisitive tongue of the correspondent.

"Mr. Train, I believe."

The leaves rustled overhead, the paper rustled in his hands. That was all. "I wanted to ask about an old friend of yours, Mr. Train."

The quiet stillness of his attitude seemed to invite another questioning remark, and yet there was no response, and a cloud of confidence established between us.

"Does Victoria Wo dhuil reside on earth?"

Slowly but surely the swarthy face and blue grey eyes turned towards me and in the "what the devil do you mean by that?" expression of his countenance, one could read the answer that he didn't care to enter into extended conversation on this subject.

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"Does Victoria Wo dhuil reside on earth?"

Slowly but surely the swarthy face and blue grey eyes turned towards me and in the "what the devil do you mean by that?" expression of his countenance, one could read the answer that he didn't care to enter into extended conversation on this subject.

ies that he formerly did. Nobody is quicker to gauge the public pulse than the manager of an opera, and Mapleson and Abbey know better than to count upon Nicolini as any particular attraction in opera companies of the present and future. Consequently Patti's work must answer for both Nicolini and her-elf, and also the French Baron she married so long ago, and the wife and little ones of Nicolini. Nicolini used to be a great "mascher" when his voice was in full trim, as nothing seems to win the feminine heart as much as music. It appears to penetrate the heaviest silk bosom and the closest woven corset, and Nicolini's conquests would go far to prove that music hath charms to soothe the breasts of other than the savage. However that may be, Patti still clings to him, and he like the sensitive musician that he is, keeps up the cling on his side, and thus keeps the divine prima donna from looking askance at any other gentleman, even if he had the inclination to flirt a little. The funny part of it is that Nicolini doesn't seem to realize that his attractions are gone, so far as the public are concerned, and